

no 6
THE

6^d
Triumphs of London

For the Inauguration of the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir Charles Duncombe, Knight.

Lord Mayor of the City of *LONDON*.

CONTAINING

The Description (and also the Sculptures) of the
Pageants, and the whole Solemnity of the Day.
Performed on *Friday the 29th of October, Anno 1708.*

*All set forth at the proper Cost and Charge of the Honour-
able Company of* **GOLDSMITHS.**

Published by Authority.

L O N D O N,

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no. 10 to 10000000

THE MONROVIAN

Sir Charles Duncombe Knight

Mayor of the City of London

It is a common error to suppose that the whole solemnity of the Day. (the Day of the Resurrection) of the

25

To the Right Honourable

Sir Charles Duncombe, Kt.

Lord Mayor of the City of London

MY LORD,

AS not only the Distribution of Publick Justice, but a Publick Spirit too, is no less a Recommendatory Virtue to the Prætorian Magistracy of this Honourable Metropolis; the most darling Favourite of Heaven makes the best Deputy to the Viceroy of Heaven in that Illustrious Dignity. 'Tis thus Your Lordship, enrich'd with Your ample Fortunes, and Greater Soul, brings those uncommon Qualifications for that high Post; as rather to lend than to borrow Lustre from the bright Seat You fill.

Alas, 'tis a faint Administration, a languid Glory in that Supreme Commander of this Capital City, who, like the paler Luminary of the Night, moves in his exalted Sphere, only to shine not warm. But like the brighter Planet of the Day, 'tis Your Lordship's Nobler Pride to cheer where You light. 'Tis hence the Universal grateful Remembrance of Your Glorious Dispensation in Your First City Call to her *Consulary Authority*, must retain a Fragrance even to descending Posterity; when not only the Grandeur of Your Hospitable Roof met so ample a Return of Thanks and Prayers for Your Lordship's long Life and Prosperity; but Your yet farther extended Munificence in the Redemption of so many languishing Heads from the dark Walls of Jails and Misery, to the dearest of Blessings, Light and Liberty, all from your Lordship's Generous

DEDICATION.

Shower of Gold, drew so many bending Knees, paid both to Heaven and Your Lordship, in their duteous Acknowledgments of such shining Deliverance.

Such Your Lordship's diffusive Beames of bounteous Goodness, not Rich only to Your Self, but to Mankind; From hence the Popular Torrent of Gratitude uprole to that Height of Devotion to such Attracting MERIT, as even by an unbroken Chain of Gold to have pass'd Your Lordship through the whole City-Honours in one continued Race. However, as the defeated Zeal in so warm a Cause, has been fated to wait Your Lordship's more slow Advance of a Lineal Succession to Your Lordship's Consummation of those Honours; be it a Part of Your Lordship's Glory to pass your gracious Act of Oblivion; and look only forward to the growing Lawrels, You are now called to gather.

But now, my Lord, if an unmatched Reign of Wonders, and the general British Glory can any ways heighten Your Lordship's, give me leave to say, that perhaps the Divine Dispenser reserved Your Lordship for this later Administration, in a Year of Triumph, when the too long daring Courage of *France*, now dastarded by the Terrors of the victorious Arms of *Britain*, can stand so tame a Spectatour, as to see so fair a Jewell of her Crown stript from her, without the Essay of one single Stroke for the Rescue of it: Whilst now the very Trumpets that sound the Surrender of *Lisle*, before the Face of a *Burgundy* and *Vendosme*, shall even joyn their Airs of Triumph with the Musick of Your Lordships Enstalmment; nay, and when the proud *St. Paul's* is crowning his finish'd Dome with the Ball of Gold at Your Lordship's Entry to the *Te Deum* at the Celebration of such Important Successes.

And now, my Lord, amongst the general Tribute of the Thousand bending Knees, all joyn'd to congratulate Your Lordship's happy Inauguration, give me Leave, though the humblest of Your Lordship's Train, not a little to pride my self; when in my
own

DEDICATION.

own Share of the publick Duty paid to Your Lordship on this Solemn Occasion, viz. the Pageantry of the Day, I have had the Satisfaction of not being called to the Painter's Council in the Projection, but he to mine; whilst reflecting on the poorer Performance in too many preceding City Triumphs, partly through the Sloth, but chiefly the Avarice of the Undertakers, and resolving not to copy from those meaner Precedents before me, I have endeavoured to amend that Fault in this Part of Your Lordship's Cavalcade.

And indeed, as Your Lordship, exalted by the peculiar Smiles of Providence above the General Rank of Your Praetorian Predecessors, brings an Unequald Greatness to the Chair; 'tis but the highest Justice, that the Entertainment that waits You thither should be an Original.

Thus Humbly tendering my profoundest Veneration to Your Lordship, permit me the Honour of subscribing my self,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Devoted

and most Dutiful Servant,

E. SETTLE,

C

TO

TO THE
 Worshipful Company
 OF
 GOLDSMITHS.

Gentlemen,

I Am once more called, I might almost say, called only, by the Worthy GOLDSMITHS to pay my Duty to this Honourable City on the present Triumphant Occasion; whilst that in-born Genius of Honour seems so peculiarly Your own, that the antient Splendor and Magnificence, which formerly shined forth on this Solemn City Festival, now almost dropt into Oblivion, has taken this Second Resurrection amongst You. And indeed You answer the Crest of Your Escutcheon, You hold Your own Scales of Justice. And therefore as 'tis Your peculiar Happiness of producing such Extraordinary Greatness sprung up amongst You, 'tis but highly equitable that the Honours You pay Him, should not be unworthy the Great MAGISTRATE that receives them.

Well, Gentlemen, as you do not only hammer but shower Your Gold; may a generous Fountain be never exhausted. May not only the Industrious Hands of Peace, but the Trophies of War too joyn to enrich Your Crucible. May the Sons of Neptune all copy from a Commodore Wager, till the whole Wealth of Peru takes the Stamp of Great Britain, and our very Heroes fight to find Work for Your Forge of Gold. With this, and all other good Wishes for Your Prosperity, I am,

GENTLEMEN,
 F. SELLER

Your most obedient Servant,

E. S.

*The Proceſſion and whole Solemnity of the Day,
as follows.*

THE whole Company ſelected for the Management of the Triumph, meet early in the Morning at *Goldſmiths Hall, viz.*

1. The Wardens and Aſſiſtants in Gowns faced with Foyns.
2. The Livery in Gowns with Budge, and their Hoods.
3. The Foyns and Budge Batchelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
4. Forty Gentlemen Uſhers in Velvet Coats, each a Chain of Gold about his Shoulders, and a white Staff in his Hand.
5. Thirty other Gentlemen carrying Banners and Colours.
6. The Serjeant-Trumpet wearing Two Scarfs, one of the Lord Mayor's Colours, and the other of the Company's, with 36 more Trumpets, whereof 16 are Her Maſteſty's.
7. Her Maſteſty's Drum-Major, wearing a Scarf of the Company's Colours, with Four more of Her Maſteſty's Drums and Fifes.
8. Seven other Drums and Two Fifes with Scarfs.
9. The Two City Marſhals riding on Horſeback, and Six Perſons attending with Scarfs and Colours of the Companies.
10. The Foot Marſhal and Six Attendants with like Scarfs, &c.
11. The Maſter of Defence and his Retinue with like Scarfs, &c.
12. Several Penſioners in Gowns and Caps, bearing Standards and Banners.
13. Other Penſioners in Gowns and Caps, carrying each a Javelin in one Hand, and Target in the other, having the Arms of the Company's Founders and Benefactors.

All theſe Rank'd by the Foot Marſhal, marching Two by Two, the Company's Enſigns leading; the Penſioners, Four Drums, and one Fife, and Four more Drums and Fifes bring up the Rear of this Diviſion. After them the Penſioners with Standarts; Four Trumpets, the Supporters and Creſt of the Company, Six Gentlemen Uſhers, then the Budge Batchelors concluding the Second Diviſion. Six Trumpets, Two Gentlemen, one bearing the City's, the other the Company's Arms. Then Eight Gentlemen Uſhers, and next the Foyn Batchelors make the Third Diviſion. Two

Gentlemen Ushers bearing Banners, Two more Gentlemen Ushers, and then the Livery. Next the City Trumpets, then Two Gentlemen bearing the City and Lord Mayor's Banner. Then the Gentlemen and Court of Assistants, &c. Four Drums, Six Trumpets, Two Gentlemen bearing Banners, Four Gentlemen and Four Pages, and then the Wardens bring up the Rear.

In this Order they march from Goldsmiths Hall, attending his Lordship, who joins the old Lord Mayor at Queen-street end, where the whole Company move through Cheap-side to Three-Crane-Wharf, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Liveries, and part of the Gentlemen Ushers take their Barge for Westminster, whither his Lordship is attended, with the several Barges of the respective Companies, with Flags, Streamers, several Pleasure-Boats, with Hautboys, Flutes, Trumpets, and all manner of Musick, &c.

His Lordship having taken the Oaths before the Barons of the Exchequer, returns with the same Attendants and Splendor to Black-Friars-Stairs, where at his Lordships Landing, he is saluted by the Artillery Company, in all their Martial Ornaments in Buff and Silver Head-Pieces, and thus, with the whole Cavalcade, moves forward towards Cheap-side. In his March, he is first entertain'd with this Pageant.

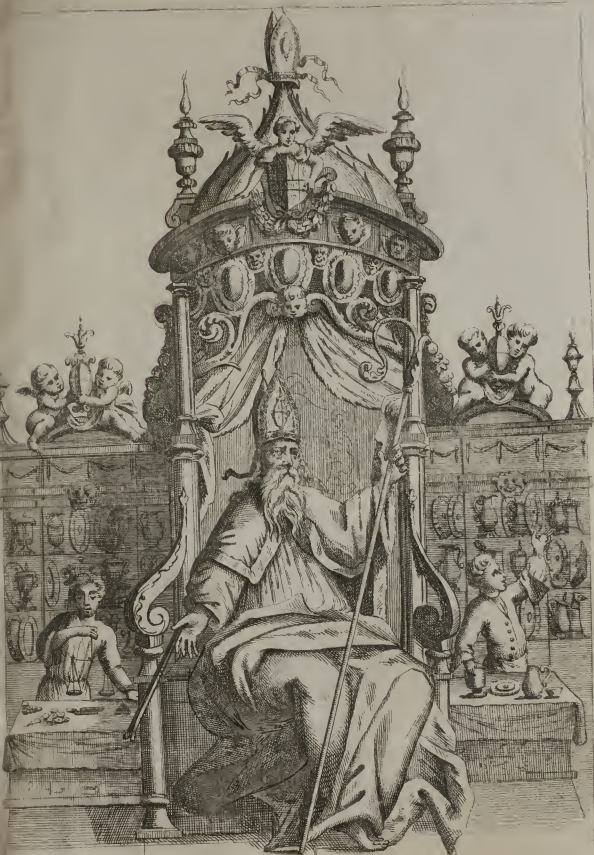
The first PAGEANT.

The Temple of APOLLO.

A Magnificent Structure of Egyptian Marble, raised on a Quadrangular Foundation, and supported by Eight Pillars of black Marble, richly embellish'd with Mouldings, Capitals, Bases and Carvings of Gold, the whole bearing a Dome, which terminates in a large Ball of Gold, supporting the Figure of a Golden Sun. At the Four Corners of this magnificent Fabrick are advanced Eight blew Pyramids, twisted round with Laurels, and bearing likewise on the Cusp of each Pyramid a Golden Sun, under the Front Arch of the Temple, and raised several Steps is seated APOLLO, rightly ennobled suitable to the Character, his Brow wreath'd with a Circle of Rays. Three Persons more, with Chapplets of Gilt Bayes, are seated in the other Three Arches, as Attendants on APOLLO, and the Stage at the Corners bears Four Figures more representing the Four Quarters of the World, all wearing Golden Streamers; with the Arms of His Lordship, the







S^t DUNSTAN.



The Chariot of Justice.



TO THE WORSHIPFUL THE COMPANY OF GOLDSMITHS;
The Prints of these Pageants as a lasting Monument of this year's Triumphs, are humbly dedicated.



the Company, the City, &c. This Pageant is moved on a Carriage, (as are all the others,) projecting over the Head of the Wheels, which being hung round with Paintings, makes the Wheels unseen, and drawn by Six stately Horses, each Horse mounted by a Negroe, sumptuously drest after the Moorish Garb in white Feathers and other Ornaments; each Negroe bearing a large Banner, and seated upon a rich Embroidery of Gold, reaching on each side down almost to the Ground these Six Horses are led by as many Pages gayly habited.

APOLLO thus addresses his Lordship.

APOLLO's Speech.

APOLLO's Brow deckt with no common Ray,
 The God of Wisdom, and the God of Day,
 Around the Heavens in my bright Chariot hurl'd,
 'Tis I that light the Stars, I cheer the World;
 All feel my Warmth, all Eyes my Lustre see;
 I make all Nature smile. Nay, 'tis from me
 Ev'n the Rich Banker does his Grandeur hold;
 'Tis my warm Beams ripen his Mines of Gold.
 And thus descending from my Radiant Sphere,
 I come to wait Augusta's PRÆTOR here,
 And hail him to her Honourable Chair.
 Fill Thou Your Seat, my Lord, as I fill mine.
 With Wisdom Govern, and with Glory Shine.

The Second Pageant,

The GOLDSMITHS Laboratory

A Large and Spacious Work-shop, of several Artificers distinct in their proper Apartments for the several Operators in the Mystery of the Goldsmiths, containing Forges, Anvils, Hammers, and other Instruments of Art, &c.

In the middle of this Laboratory, on a rich Golden Chair of State, is seated *St. Dunstan*, the antient Patron and Guardian of the Company, array'd in his Pontifical Ornaments, expressing his Prelatical Dignity, in a Surplice of white Lawn, over which he wears a large Cope, &c. On his Reverend Hoary Head, a Golden Mitre beset with precious Stones and Pearls of great Value: In his Left Hand he holds a Golden Crosier; in his Right Hand a Pair of *Goldsmiths* Tongs, an Emblem of his Patronage; and under his Feet lies the Devil.

Beneath the Steps of Ascension to the Canonical Chair, in opposition to the Patron, is placed a Goldsmiths Forge, with Fire and Crucibles filled with Gold; a Boy blowing the Bellows. On either Hand, in the Front of this Shop, is set up a large Press of Gold and Silver Plate, with Compters, &c. representing a formal Shop of Trade; On each side are Jewelers at work, with Anvils, Hammers, Stones, Sparks; besides, a Planisher, a Raizer, a Drawer and Chacer, &c. Several Artificers beating out Plate, and fashioning several Vessels of Gold and Silver: Likewise an Essay-Master with his Clasp, Frame, and Ballance, for trying of Gold and Silver by the Standard. In another Apartment is digrossing, Flatting and Drawing of Gold and Silver Wire. In another are included Finers and Refiners, Melting, Smelting, Fining, Refining, and Separating Gold and Silver, both by Fire and Water; and the Master-Forger and Three other Workmen making a Massy Piece of Plate, Singing and Keeping Time on the Anvil,

This Elaboratory for a farther Grandeur, is planted in an Alcove richly Gilt and adorned, and on each Capital is a Golden Incense Pot being Part of the Arms of the *Goldsmiths*, the whole circled in with Rails of Red Marble, the Pageant drawn by Six Horses, mounted by Six *Americans* richly drest in coloured Feathers, and other Decorations, carrying in like manner each a large Banner and attended by the like Number of Pages walking on Foot to lead the Horses.

St. Dunstan arising from his Seat and advancing to the Front of the Pageant, thus salutes his Lordship.

St. DUNSTAN's Speech:

WHEN Saints were Worshipt, in that List enroll'd }
~~Such no mean Rank did proud St. Dunstan hold,~~ }

At least when in his shining Shop of Gold.

DUNSTAN the Goldsmith's Patron once, but now

T' a more Auspicious Guardian Power they Bow,

Your LORDSHIPS Patronage. No longer mine

My Post of Honour here I must Resign.

And since the Beams of Providence so kind,

Have on Your Lordship's Head so warmly shined,

To raise You up the Envy of Mankind;

Like Your Great Self then Mount Your City Throne:

Make all bent Knees, and uplift Eyes Your own.

With all those Laurels Your True Grandeur Crown'd,

Your Friends shall dazzle, and Your Foes Confound.

The Third and last PAGEANT.

The Chariot of JUSTICE.

ASTREA the Goddess of Justice, drest in a white Vest,
 richly beset with Diamonds, on her Head a Coronet
 of Glory, with several Silver Stars, set also with precious
 Stones. Over her Head an Imperial Canopy fringed
 with Gold, enrich'd with beauteous Plumes of white and
 scarlet Feathers. In her Right Hand a Touchstone, and
 in her Left a Golden Ballance with Silver Scales. On the
 Backs of Two Golden Unicorns, are mounted Two Negroes,
 as Charioteers, and at the Feet of the Goddess are
 seated Two beautiful Figures, representing Power and Obedience,
 with Streamers, &c. This Pageant is drawn by
 Six white Horses, adorned with large Plumes of white
 Feathers sprig'd with Scarlet, both on their Heads and
 Rumps, the Six Horses mounted by Six Antient Roman
 Heroes, their Vests richly embroidered with Gold and Silver,

ver, and their Martial Headpieces adorned with a spreading Plume of Feathers, the Riders bearing Bannors, &c. and attended by the Tame Set of Pages, leading their Horses, &c.

ASTREA thus Speaks.

ASTREA from her Throne below, once driven
By a too impious World, took Flight to Heaven.
But The bright Justice of Great ANNA's Reign,
Has long since called me back to Earth again.
No less AUGUSTIA's Glorious PRÆTOR calls
My Solemn Entry to her City Walls.
Nor is my Carre of Glory deckt so Gay,
Join'd with Your Homaging Train, only to Pay
The hallow'd Rites of this Triumphant Day.
No, in Your Lordship's Honourable Sphere
You call me, Sir, to Triumph all the Year.
Illustrious Sir, Your Annual Reign all mine,
If possible, like Your Great Self, I'll Shine.
Yes, Sir, my Sword and Scales are both Your own.
Justice and her Great Lord shall fill one Throne.

His Lordship here moves to Guild-hall to Dinner, being graced by the Lords of the Council, the Judges, and the chief Nobility of Great Britain, His Honourable Guests, where the Solemnity of the Day is concluded with all the Festival Magnificence and Splendor fuitable to so most Noble an Entertainment.

F I N I S